

My Pain Brought You To Me by Disdaidal

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Summary:

Billy's had headaches ever since he turned seven.

His headaches usually started with mild throbbing in his temples; slowly intensifying around his forehead. Reaching the back of his neck until the dull pressure began growing and throbbing behind his eyes, to the point of his vision getting blurry and making him practically blind for the rest of day.

Sometimes the pain was raw and simple - that excruciating, pounding pressure inside his skull. Forcing Billy to lie down and curl up into a ball.

Hoping, praying that he could fall asleep, that the pain would just go away.

But sometimes... it got worse.

And when it did, it began with light sensitivity. The weird zigzag lines gradually floating across his field of vision. Followed by dizziness and the growing feeling of nausea. And after that, everything went down to shit.

Those kinds of episodes normally lasted about an hour – sometimes longer, sometimes less than that. No matter how long they took, Billy always felt exhausted and nauseated afterwards.

Crawling under the covers and trying to shield his eyes from the light.

Today was one of those days for him.

My Pain Brought You To Me

Author's Note:

- For [aesthetic_chaoss](#).

Written for the lovely Becky ♥♥♥ Much love.

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Today was one of those days for him.

His headache had started around the pool closing time when everybody was already gone. After he'd closed the gates, locked all

the doors and hit the shower.

The pain had suddenly taken him over; struck him like a lightning. The flashing lights and weird zigzag patterns filled his field of vision, making him cup his head with both hands. His weak whimpers mixed into the sound of water and the pounding pressure kept growing inside his skull. The rush of blood in his ears made a constant, pulsing sound.

Billy had just about managed to finish his shower; his vision going blurrier by the minute until the sickening feeling of nausea suddenly struck him. It had twisted in his guts and constricted in his throat, forcing him to make a run for it. Feeling disoriented and almost bumping into the walls, he'd just barely made it to the toilet as he began violently vomiting.

The zigzag lines still flashing before his eyes; almost as if mocking him as he retched. His head was still pounding like a million hammers.

Billy had absolutely no clue how he had managed to get back home after that. All he had was the faint memory of calling the taxi and trying not to hurl inside the vehicle. But he had *absolutely no memory* of walking up the stairs or using the key to his apartment. Nor closing the curtains or flopping down onto his bed once he'd safely made it back inside.

He could only faintly remember pulling both the covers and the pillow over his head in a desperate attempt to block the sun from his eyes while still feeling like a train wreck. Almost crying the tears of pain because all he'd wanted - needed - in that moment was to just fall asleep as soon as possible.

While the summer heat (and the lack of air con) did nothing to help him feel any better.

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Billy couldn't tell how he had been lying there or how many hours had passed since he got home. His bedroom had become almost as dark as night, and his telephone had rung several times already. But

he couldn't bring himself to get up and answer it.

He really couldn't care less right now. He was in pain; *the world could wait.*

In fact the whole world was probably better off without him, he thought bitterly.

This his answering machine suddenly beeped, followed by a familiar voice.

"Hey, it's... it's Steve. You okay man? I don't know if you already forgot, but we were supposed to go out today and, uh, well, you're not picking up, so... Are we still cool? It's just that, uhh... I've just, really missed you, you know? Love to hear your voice. Anyway, when you hear this, please-please, just call me back, okay? We don't need to go out today if you're not in the mood, but... Just wanna know that you're okay. Okay? Just-call me."

Another beep and Steve hung up.

Billy groaned, resting one of his palms against his still-throbbing forehead.

He had totally, *completely* forgotten that he was supposed to go out with Steve tonight. On their first *real* date. Something that Billy had been genuinely excited about - counting days, even hours and minutes for that exact moment.

He'd had a crush on Steve for a year until he finally found his courage to confess his feelings to him. Never in a million years had he expected that a guy like Steve - athletic, handsome, popular, rich - would even consider a guy like him. *Billy* .

But miracles happen sometimes and they'd hung out and fooled around for months now. Nothing more serious than some making out and giving each other handjobs but *it was something* at least.

It amused Billy a little bit because both of them used to be the 'high school heartbreakers', the popular guys and all that shit. Fucking high school girls left and right (secretly boys too), drinking and partying every weekend. Never settling down with one chick for a

long time. No strings attached, no worries about tomorrow.

But this? This thing between him and Steve?

Billy considered it a relationship. A real, serious relationship. Steve was someone he actually wanted and yes, loved. So instead of just jumping right into the bed with the guy of his dreams, Billy wanted to take things slow. For once in his life.

Cherish every moment, make them count. That's what he really wanted to do because he knew he wouldn't get a second chance at that.

To his surprise, Steve had seemed to welcome this slow pace between them as well. *Especially after what happened between him and Nancy Wheeler.*

And today was that day when they were supposed to have their first *proper* date. Going out for dinner, movies and stuff. Only for Billy to completely miss out the fun now because of his bitch of a migraine.

He was too weak to even pick up the goddamn phone. Surely it would give Steve the idea that Billy had finally gotten cold feet and that's why he's not returning his calls.

They would end up breaking up. Breaking each other's hearts, too.

Billy didn't want that. *He really, really didn't want that* . He was practically on the verge of tears just from thinking about losing Steve now. After all they've been through, after all those months of trying to get Steve's attention and finally gaining it.

His knees had nearly given out the day when Steve had smiled at him, took his hands in his own and *told him that he liked him too* . It had been the happiest day in Billy's life so far and he wasn't ready to lose it yet.

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Another two hours had passed and Billy had dozed off again. Having managed to get some proper sleep this time. Not hearing the sounds of the phone or the answering machine.

That was until somebody started ringing his doorbell. First once then twice, then— *relentlessly*.

Billy groaned into the pillow as he was awakened by the sound of that awful, dreadful doorbell. Squeezing the pillow in his hands. His head no longer hurt as badly as before, but the throbbing pain was still there - *lingering* but not gone.

He decided to risk it anyway. He was getting sick of this shit. If he had to walk all the way to the door just to tell some annoying Mormon to fuck off, he would. Anything but this constant, useless lying around in his bed and feeling sorry for himself.

Billy truly felt like he'd just risen from the grave and probably looked like one as well, as he opened the door and was instantly met with a head of dark brown hair and a worried pair of big brown eyes.

"Jesus." Steve blurted out, owlishly blinking at him. Billy was tempted to throw some lame *Jesus joke* right there, but he was tired and in pain. Growing rapidly self-conscious under Steve's intense gaze, too. "I-I tried calling you, man. Left you a message, too. I didn't know you were... A-are you sick?"

Billy avoided his gaze. He leaned against the doorframe for support and started chewing his lower lip nervously. "I threw up at work today," he admitted sheepishly.

"Oh man, I'm so sorry. Could it be a stomach bug? I could get you something from the store—"

"No," Billy quickly interrupted him, shaking his head. Then grimaced as the headache struck him again. "No, it's... I just... I get these headaches sometimes. Real bad ones. Like today," he explained and leaned more firmly against the doorframe as he began feeling dizzier again. "It started at work and I wasn't carrying any painkillers with me so..."

Steve nodded slowly, studying Billy with a deep frown and worry plastered on his face. Making Billy feel even more self-conscious, weaker and more pathetic than he already was. He decided that he hated that look on Steve's face.

The other man took a couple of steps further and reached for Billy's blond curls. Running his fingers through his messy hair, his sweaty locks. Gently pushing them behind his.

Billy shivered and closed his eyes.

"Can I come in?"

Steve's voice was soft and gentle, just like his touch. Almost pleading, too. Billy opened his eyes slowly and pondered it for a moment.

It probably wasn't the smartest idea to let Steve in right now. Billy really didn't want him to see him like this. Having to watch him lay in his bed all day and probably look after him because he likely couldn't do it himself.

They were supposed to be on their date now, not having... *this* .

Even if he looked and felt like absolute shit. Probably stunk real bad too.

Billy had really missed Steve though. It's been days since they last saw each other. And he didn't want to be alone, not right now.

He gave a small nod after a minute and then moved aside. Making room for his boyfriend and then closing the door behind. Then as he attempted to move towards the kitchen to grab himself a glass of water, Billy felt another wave of dizziness swoop over him.

His field of vision went blurry and his head started spinning.

What the fuck was wrong with him today?

"Hey, hey," Steve called and caught him just in time. Supporting Billy with his weight, he wrapped one of his arms around his boyfriend's toned shoulders. "Alright, you need to lie down right now. Get to bed," Steve instructed sternly and placed his other hand on Billy's hip. Giving him a little push as he guided him back to his bedroom.

"That an order? Or a request?" Billy quipped tiredly and earned a snort and a simple head shake from Steve.

The brunet helped Billy lay gently down on the bed, then sat beside him and leaned in for a soft kiss on his forehead. His long fingers brushing through his sweaty curls as he told him, "I'll get you a glass of water. And something for the pain perhaps?"

Billy gave him a simple nod in return and a small, almost quiet hum. Steve smiled at him though Billy couldn't really see it in the darkness of his room. Then leaned in for another kiss, this time planting it on Billy's lips. "Okay. Be right back."

And once Steve had briefly disappeared from the room, Billy thought he was going to cry, *right there*.

All this time he'd been worried that Steve would be angry at him and that he would never forgive Billy for skipping their first date. Billy had felt ashamed, anxious, absolutely devastated over it. And now Steve was here, with him. Looking after Billy, like he really meant *something*.

He even wondered if Steve had treated Nancy exactly like this. If *Steve had once looked at her exactly the way he was looking at Billy now*.

After shortly rummaging through Billy's kitchen cabinets to find him a glass and some ibuprofen, Steve soon returned and sat on the bed next to Billy with a glass full of water and a couple of pills in his hand. Helping Billy to sit up so he could down them more easily, then helping him lie down back again. His fingers were back in Billy's hair, like it was suddenly the best thing about him. His other hand found Billy's face, cupping his jaw and his thumb brushed against his cheek.

"Try to get some sleep now, baby. I'll be here as long as you need me."

Steve's voice was so soft and sweet as he spoke to Billy. He proceeded even pulling the blanket over him and tucking him in before walking out. Only to stop by the doorway to look at his boyfriend once again. "Sweet dreams."

Now Billy *seriously wanted to cry*.

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Once Billy had fallen asleep and later woken up, he had lost track of time once again. The curtains in his room were still down, blocking most of the sunlight. If it was even sunny anymore. He shifted around to peek at the digital clock sitting on his side table. 11:30. Almost midnight.

He could hear the faint sounds of TV carrying from his small living room as well as some light rustling on the sofa. The sound of a spoon scraping at the bottom of a plate. And then, the wonderful scent of food filling his nostrils and taking over his senses.

Billy's stomach instantly began to churn as he realized that he hadn't eaten anything since work. Alongside with his heart fluttering; the heartbeats growing with the knowledge that Steve was still there.

Steve was still in Billy's apartment. He hadn't left him like he'd promised.

It just made Billy's heart swell, just from thinking about it. Butterflies in his stomach. Just like the day when they'd first held hands and looked into each other's eyes, *then kissed*.

His headache was finally gone and the smell of food coming from the kitchen sure smelled heavenly. Even if he hesitated whether it was actually safe for him to eat yet. His stomach still felt sensitive from his earlier retching and he was worried that whatever he was going to put down his throat in the next five minutes, would just come right back up.

He slowly sat up on the edge of his bed regardless. Assessing the situation for a minute or so. Until he was absolutely certain that his migraine was fully and that it was safe to get up, he did so.

He proceeded to take slow, careful steps towards the kitchen, making a quick stop by the stove. Then began scooping some warm tomato soup into a clean, empty plate that was placed on the counter. He slowly made his way further towards the living room, only to stop by the doorway to take a good look at his boyfriend who was sitting on his sofa and watching some dumb comedy movie. *Smiling, chuckling at some lame jokes that would never ever make Billy laugh.*

Billy couldn't help but smile as he looked at him though. He loved to watch his boyfriend exactly like this - soft, relaxed and seemingly *happy*. Not the worried, anxious kind of Steve who loved fussing over Billy and the kids and— well, fussing was kind of his thing.

The blonde walked further into the living room and joined the laughing brunet on the sofa. Sitting next to him and placing his soup bowl on the TV table next to Steve's. Then he simply curled up against the other man and wrapped an arm around his waist. Pressing a kiss on his cheek.

"Hey," Steve said, sounding delighted. His arm instantly followed and wrapped securely around Billy's frame. "Sleep well?"

Billy nodded sluggishly. "Yeah. Thanks for staying here." Then planted another sweet kiss on Steve's lips.

That smile that Steve returned was warm and filled with adoration, then followed by a gentle squeeze on Billy's shoulder. Pulling the blond man even closer to his body until Billy's head was firmly resting against his chest. His long fingers almost obsessively playing with Billy's curls again, which apparently had become a thing that Billy had also grown to love lately.

On the other hand it made him grimace in disgust because he had been sweating all day, and his hair was most definitely dirty at this point.

"Anything for you, love," Steve said. "You know, our first date could've been worse."

He looked at Billy with a smile and Billy looked back at him. One eyebrow raised, the corner of his mouth twitching lightly. "But I slept all day?"

"Yeah. I mean, things could be way worse."

"How? You like me better when I'm asleep?"

Steve snorted and shook his head, laughing lightly. "Don't answer." Billy gave him a playful push and a childish pout.

“No.” Steve chuckled again but then slowly became more serious. “No, I mean... my parents are gone again. Another business trip of Dad’s. So basically, I’m the man of the big house again.”

Billy frowned. “And that’s bad, huh?”

“Absolutely. *I hate that house.* It makes my skin crawl.”

Billy’s mouth twitched again, then slowly turned into a smirk.

“You’re weird. *I like that .*”

Steve rewarded him with a grin and a soft laugh, giving his shoulder another squeeze. Then pressed a cute kiss on the top of Billy’s head. “Nothing weird about that, Bilbo. That house is just too damn big. I used to spend so many nights there, all alone. And I’m telling you, *that house is haunted .*”

Billy snorted and then lifted himself from Steve’s arms. Shaking his head at Steve’s little ghost story, and reached for his tomato soup. “So my brave little boyfriend is afraid of the boogeyman then? No offense Harrington, but that’s kinda lame if you ask me.”

He sat back and leaned against Steve, slowly scooping tomato soup into his mouth. Letting out an appreciative hum at the warm, soft taste of it. “Mm. I gotta say, he makes *a damn good tomato soup though .*”

Steve gave a hearty laugh. “You just haven’t seen what I’ve seen, love. But I’m glad that my soup pleases you.”

Billy began to eat in silence while being pressed up against Steve. Watching whatever the show was coming on TV with half-interest; something that Steve seemed very focused on.

He couldn’t help smiling though. Because he couldn’t remember the last time he’d felt so comfortable and at ease in someone else’s company like this. Not before he had met Steve, at least.

If Steve was afraid of the boogeyman in his own house, the boogeyman in Billy’s house was Neil Hargrove. His own father.

Always telling him since he was a little boy *that he was a man and men were not weak. Men did not fucking cry. Those who were just weak pussies and deserved a good whipping.*

Men certainly did not love each other. It was unnatural.

Faggots belonged to Hell.

And yet, here Billy was. In the arms of a man that he loved, after feeling weak all day. On the verge of tears because he had been in a lot of pain before, but also because he'd felt so touched because *someone cared* .

Even if it was only a fleeting moment, something that was going to pass eventually, Billy knew that he felt right. That his feelings were right. He wasn't weak; he was strong. *Stronger than his father ever was and ever could be.*

Billy stretched his legs and pushed them over Steve's. Shifting into a more comfortable position as he rested his head back on Steve's chest. Soon his boyfriend does the same, resting his head against Billy's and linking their fingers together, brushing his thumb gently over Billy's knuckles.

They continued watching the TV again in silence, though Billy was almost certain that none of them really paid attention to that show anymore. Their fingers still connected, thumbs brushing over one another. Their bodies warm and comfortable against each other. The scent of Steve's cologne filling Billy's nostrils, making him heady and turning him on, too. For a moment, Billy almost wanted to rub himself into that scent. *Like a cat in heat.* But that would've just been weird.

He briefly wondered again how many girls had felt exactly like this around King Steve. *And how many were actually able to resist him in the end?*

After some time, Billy's eyes began to feel droopy again – he might've slept plenty before but his sleep hadn't been deep and peaceful - and now, feeling so relaxed and comfortable against his boyfriend, he couldn't really help it. Feeling so protected and well-taken care of, he

didn't feel so guilty about sleeping all day while his boyfriend had been there.

"You sleepy? Wanna go to bed?" Steve asked him after a while.

Billy hummed, nearly protesting and began blinking his eyes to try and keep them open. But then his eyes turned sleepy again after a while, and it was Steve's turn to hum this time.

"Alright, sleepyhead. Off to bed with you."

Billy was about to protest again. Just to be his usual 'pain in the ass' self but he felt too tired to resist anymore. Feeling as Steve had planted another kiss on the top of his head, then rose up from the sofa. Billy was about to follow, preparing to lift himself as well when Steve suddenly crouched in front of him and grabbed his hands, placing them on his shoulders. Giving his confused, sleepy boyfriend a mischievous smile in return.

The next Billy could feel the other man slip his arms around his back and thighs and lift him off the couch. Pulling him firmly against his chest and carrying him like it was nothing.

Billy's eyes instantly widened and his arms tightened around Steve's neck. Almost panicked over being suddenly carried and then worried that Steve was going to drop or break his back.

"S'okay, baby. I won't drop," Steve reassured him.

Then he almost effortlessly carried Billy across the living room and through the kitchen, towards Billy's bedroom. Then carefully laid him back down on his bed - almost as his boyfriend had suddenly become fragile like glass and could easily break.

Billy's heart started beating faster again at the new discovery that his lean boyfriend was stronger than he looked. It managed to turn him on as well, especially after Steve had leaned down to kiss him on the lips.

Steve wasted no time taking off his shirt and jeans or crawling on the bed with Billy and wrapping his arm around his waist. Spooning his boyfriend from behind as he pressed one last kiss on his muscular

shoulder.

“Good night, baby. See you in the morning.”

It took Billy a few good minutes to calm down his quickened heartbeats - and his rapidly growing erection -, just from being carried, spooned and held in bed. Once he finally calmed down, he was able to fall asleep again pretty soon.

Into a deep, peaceful sleep this time.

Author's Note:

It took me quite a while to write this and it turned out longer than I had originally planned, so I decided to split this into two parts. But I truly hope that my messy ADD brain managed to beat at least some sense to this, and that there weren't too many awful typos. Because while this was a real struggle to write sometimes, I still enjoyed it.

I actually consulted my stepsister when I chose migraine as the "illness" of this fic. I have a mild case of migraine myself, so I thought it would be easier to reflect my own experiences into this. But my stepsister has it more severe than me (auraic migraine), so I “interviewed” her and used mostly her experiences for Billy’s parts. I hope I came close enough.

And uhh, yeah. I really hope you enjoyed this. If not, I'll be sad but I'll live. ./ Comments are of course appreciated. :)